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PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.



BISMARCK'S EXIT.



PUCK,  
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.  
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.  
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 2nd, 1890. — No. 682.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT IS A GOOD THING that we have grand juries to indict the rascals who misgovern our city. It would also be a good thing to have a public prosecutor who would carry on the work the grand jury begins; and it would likewise be a good thing to have a petit jury system which would put intelligent and honest citizens in the jury-box to complete the whole business, and land the guilty in jail. But if we had the best grand juries and the best District Attorney and the best petit juries, acting under the guidance of the best bench of judges imaginable, what good would it do, were we to keep them all the year round busy with the indictment and conviction of official malefactors, while the system that makes these men officials remains unchanged, and while one rascal goes to Sing Sing only to make room for another rascal ready to take his chances of the same fate?

New York City is not governed by New York City, but by countrymen in Albany. How is it possible that its government should be good? Such a system is not much better than the one we threw aside in 1776. If the men who go to the Legislature from the Northern counties of New York State were all high-minded patriots, filled with disinterested desire to serve their fellow-citizens to the best of their ability — and this is hardly a fitting characterization of the most of them — they could not give us a good city government. Is any New Yorker a proper judge of the need of a horse-railroad for Cattaraugus? Is a New York business man able to tell whether Syracuse really ought to have a new court-house or not? Is it for New York to say that Painted Post shall put her electric wires underground — supposing that Painted Post has any electric wires? And if New York is not to administer the affairs of local government in these worthy burghs, why should they dictate its details of government to a huge city whose wants are beyond their comprehension, whose problems are outside of their experience?

Yet they do. In the Legislature at present sitting, 129 countrymen tell 31 New Yorkers how the greatest city of the United States shall be governed. They tell this minority, this hopeless minority of less than a quarter of the whole membership, how the municipal government of New York shall be constituted, what powers the Mayor shall have, what powers shall be delegated to the Board of Aldermen, what subsidiary and auxiliary offices shall exist, how these shall be filled and how vacated. It is for this alien majority — for such it is — to say what New York shall do with her sewers, with her telegraph poles, with her pavements, with her systems of locomotion — with everything, in fact, that concerns her peace, comfort and prosperity. It is only with the consent of this majority that she can increase her force of policemen or her force of firemen. These one hundred and twenty-nine country members tell the thirty-one representatives of New York City how many police justices she shall have, and make the laws that her justices are to administer.

And, under these circumstances, people are surprised that there is not more public spirit in New York. It is a matter of wonder to us that there is any public spirit at all in New York. What essential difference is there, taking the exigencies of the present time into account, between submitting to the dictation of the British Parliament and an English Governor, and submitting to the dictation of an agrarian Legislature and a Governor who is as likely to come from Elmira as from anywhere else? That the agrarian Legislature should exist, and should manage the affairs of the agrarian sections of the state, is obviously just and fair. That the people have a right to choose their Governor from Horseheads or Washington Hollow as well as from the Ninth Ward of New York City, is not to be denied. But does it follow that the greatest city in the state should have less self-government than our laws allot to the poorest village in the commonwealth?

So long as the New York citizen has to submit to Chemung government, he will take but a half-hearted interest in the constitution and conduct of the municipal organization. When the citizen feels that he is a citizen in fact as well as in name, he will be found ready to discharge his duty as a citizen. While he knows that the police-justice who lays down the law in his district and the laborer who lays down the sewer-pipes in his

street both hold their places by virtue of bargains between the politicians in Albany, he is not likely to feel an enthusiastic civic pride — especially when he reflects that he has no power to better things.

Is there a remedy? And what is it? It seems to us that a remedy was clearly indicated in the old cry, whose very echo seems to be forgotten to-day, for an Imperial Charter — for a strong and complete system of self-government for New York City. In that way alone can the city be governed for its own good. We do not suppose that self-government would bring the political millennium in a day or a year — or in a score of years, for the matter of that. But we do not believe in the educational power of personal responsibility, and we believe that the New York citizen would be a far better citizen and a far better New Yorker if he felt that it rested with him to say how the City of New York should be governed. Certainly, a scandal like that which is the sensation of the hour would move him to something better than the supine and cynical indifference with which he now waits to see what the rulers of New York "are going to do about it."

In the year of President Harrison's inauguration, three thousand three hundred and ten millions of bushels of cereals were raised in the United States; two hundred and sixty-nine millions of pounds of wool were raised in the same year. The raisers of the three thousand three hundred and ten millions of bushels paid, for the benefit — nominally — of the raisers of the two hundred and sixty-nine millions of pounds, a tax of 45 per cent. upon all the articles of woollen clothing that they wore. The raisers of the pounds of wool paid no tax whatever upon the bread and Indian corn and buckwheat cakes that they ate, or upon the oats that they fed to their horses. If the man who raises wheat and rye and Indian corn is beginning to ask why his flannel shirt has to pay a bounty on his neighbor's sheep, broad-minded statesmen like Messrs. Harrison and McKinley ought not to be surprised.

BISMARCK'S EXIT 1890.

Strange ending of it all! The Iron Hand  
That swept up states into an Empire, held  
The hammer of unchallenged power, to weld  
Disunion into strength, make weakness grand,  
And forge the war-sword of a Fatherland —  
This mighty hand whose lightest sign compelled  
The will of Europe; hand that smote and felled,  
Made or unmade, as the stern spirit planned —  
This hand at last is loosed, nor more shall hold  
Its guiding grasp upon a nation's arm,  
Or mark for her the path of peace again.  
Let him go — an Emperor is come too bold  
To need him, or to heed the land's alarm —  
A boy who plays at making over Men!



THE NEWSPAPER SPY IN THE JURY-ROOM.

JUSTICE (to the PRESS). — If this contemptible thing is yours, take it, and keep it out of my jury-room!





### A HATEFUL GIRL.

(SCENE. — A library. Enter GLADYS and HELEN, to NONIE, their school-girl sister, who is seated with her books.)

GLADYS (*briskly*).— And Nonie can write the invitations. She has the only decent hand in the family. Nonie, put your books away, and come and sit at the desk here.

NONIE.—“Subtract again the unequal numbers.” Thanks, awfully. Who is going to do my examples, meanwhile, I should like to know?

GLADYS.—Don’t be hateful. If we get to work at once, it will take but a very short time. Of course, I shall tell you exactly what to say.

NONIE (*seating herself at desk*).— And I am to say it exactly, am I? I need not tax my own inventive genius?

GLADYS.—I asked you *not* to be hateful. Now, wait a moment. Let me see. As it is to be a birthday party—the Oldcards, of course. No such thing as getting rid of them. Nonie, a general invitation to the Oldcards—you know the style. Mrs. Boodill—

HELEN (*entreatingly*).—Oh, Gladys, she is too detestable!

GLADYS.—I know it; but Mrs. Boodill means a handsome present, Nell. I must write *her*. Mrs. Boodill. Then (*slowly*) Abby Phetcham—

HELEN (*despairingly*).—Oh, you *won’t* have Abby Phetcham?

GLADYS.—I’m simply compelled to. You see, I want those two Recks, Joe and Fred; they are both wild about her, and follow her everywhere; and I’m determined to have them, at any cost.

HELEN.—True; too bad! The De Sharpes?

GLADYS (*sighing*).—I suppose so, if they only would n’t sing! If they *could* be induced to keep their mouths shut! And, oh, Helen, dear, I must ask that horrid Eclipse girl, the young one, else Jack says he won’t stay at home for my evening.

HELEN.—Gladys! Well, that is dreadful! She’s too abominably pretty! What is Jack thinking of? He is neither a man nor a brother if he insists on such a sacrifice!

GLADYS (*with resignation*).—He is a man—that’s just the trouble—and very, very much of a brother, too, as we shall find, if we don’t humor him. Yes, she must come. Then, there’s Maggie Litout; her conduct is always outrageous. And, oh, Nell, I’d rather die than ask George Grinwyde, he’s such a puppy—but, you see, his dancing!

NONIE (*quite seriously, and looking up an instant from her writing*).—Gracious, Glad! Can’t you think of *any* one you’d really like to have?

GLADYS.—*Don’t* be hateful, Nonie. I’ve given you enough names to go on with, and Helen and I will talk over some others. (*They converse for a time in an anxious and somewhat dejected manner. Presently—*)

GLADYS.—Well, how are you progressing, Nonie? Don’t seal the envelopes. We shall like to see what you have written.

NONIE (*calmly*).—All right.

(HELEN and GLADYS approach the desk and glance over the invitations.)

GLADYS (*reading*).—Dear Mrs. Oldcard: My sister Gladys intends to give a little birthday party on the twentieth, and as she has concluded there is no such thing as getting rid of you, I am commissioned to extend an invitation to yourself and family—(*stops short and looks fixedly at her younger sister.*)

HELEN (*reading*).—Dear Abby Phetcham: I have been instructed by Gladys to request your presence at her birthday party next week, for the sole reason that she wishes to make sure of the attendance of Mr. Reck and his brother. She says she is determined to have them at any cost, and hence this invitation. Yours, etc., Nonie Instile.

GLADYS.—How wonderfully clever! (*Picks up another sheet and reads.*) Dear Mrs. Boodill: You are too detestable, and we all recognize the fact; but as you always give handsome presents—Oh, Nonie, how can you be so hateful, and LIVE? (*Bursts into tears.*)

NONIE.—Not hateful at all, Gladys, dear—only truthful. You told me I must write exactly what you said.

GLADYS.—But you know, you well know, it would be wrong and— and— unchristian to address people in that brutal manner.

NONIE (*coolly*).—Then, I’m afraid, you’ll have to write the letters yourself, Gladys.

GLADYS (*sobbing*).—The ha—ha—hatefullest crea-ture!

HELEN.—MEAN!

Madeline S. Bridges.



### PRESIDENTIAL PHRASEOLOGY.

FOREIGNER.—Does not a man by the name of Harrison fill the President’s chair?

DISGRUNTLED REPUBLICAN.—Not fill, not fill, sir! Occupy is the word.

### HE WAS SURE OF IT.

LADY CUSTOMER (*angrily*).—I believe there is water in your milk, sir.

HONEST MILKMAN.—Yes, Madam, there is. I have on several occasions urged the cows to be more careful, but they insist that it is impossible to make milk without water.



## RUSHING THE FREE DELIVERY.

MR. GREENE GAGE (*of Plum Creek, stopping LETTER-CARRIER*).—Hev ye got any letters for me?

CARRIER.—But I don't know you, sir!

MR. GREENE GAGE.—S'pose not; I only come to town yesterday. But look through your bag; I ain't got time to go to the post-office to-day!

## FRENCH BILLS-OF-FARE MUST GO.

"I'M A PLAIN North American citizen, and I've got a North American fit of mad on me!" he announced, as he burst through the door and stood in the centre of the room, waving a newspaper clipping in his hand.

The Editor looked up.

"My grievance is this: when the President of the United States gives a dinner to his Cabinet, I want him to feed them North American dishes; and I want the names of those dishes printed on the bill of fare in plain North American words. Is that unreasonable?"

"Not at all."

"Of course not. When the President of France gives a dinner, does he write the bill of fare in the United States language? I trow not."

The Editor also trowed not.

"Here is a list of the dishes fed by the President to his Secretaries and other people. On it I see such things as 'Potage,' 'Poisson,' 'Pommes Duchesse,' 'Hors d'œuvre,' 'Filet de bœuf à la jardinière,' and others which I can't pronounce. Now, I submit, these pauper dishes of effete Europe have no business competing with the infant food industry of the United States."

The Editor submitted, too. He was helpless.

"There ought to be a prohibitive tariff on French words imported to this country for use on bills of fare, and thus crowding out our own toothsome and juicy orthographical combinations."

"This patriotic movement should begin in the White House. The President of these great and glorious States, my dear sir, when he gives a dianer, should give us North American dishes that North Americans can understand; something like these: 'Cabbage soup, Cincinnati style;' 'Roast Ribs of Beef, Chicago style;' 'Spare Ribs, Kansas City style;' 'Scrapple, Philadelphia style.'"

"I do not pretend to exhaust the peculiar American dishes, sir, in this brief enumeration; but merely indicate the reform I wish to institute. The food products of this country afford an endless variety of vegetable and animal food; and the names by which they are known are as appetizing as the articles themselves. To you, my dear sir, belongs the duty of promulgating these views editorially in your valuable and influential sheet. Good morning!"

And the Editor promulgated.

Wm. H. Siviter.

## LOST POLITENESS.

MRS. DE RUYTER.—My dear, here is a printed note with your contributions returned by the *Hightone Magazine*. It says: "The rejection of an article does not necessarily imply lack of merit."

MR. W. M. THACKERAY DE RUYTER (*scornfully*).—Huh! Anybody might know that from the stuff they print.

## A CRY AGAINST INJUSTICE.

BOBBY.—Say, Papa, I wish you would help me with my lesson.

MR. POST.—I can't, Bobby; what you learn, you should learn for yourself.

BOBBY (*disgustedly*).—And there you sit with your newspaper, picking up your opinions from the Editor!

## THE REASON WHY.

The other day two colored citizens met on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. One of them angrily exclaimed:

"Misser Jones, if you doan' pay dem seven dollars, de law will be put on you powerful hard!"

"Now, doan' be unreasonin'," replied Jones in a cajoling voice.

"But you's got money in de bank!" shouted the first.

"Yes, I know I cud gib a check on de bank, but I'se got to get a blank check, borrow pen 'n' ink, put on my specs, write all ober de check, go down dar to 'dentify you, 'n' figger up the loss of interes'; and probably while I was in de bank some one'd be lookin' for me on de street to hire me at fo' dollars a day. Dese am de chief reasons why I doan' want to pay de money for de nex' two weeks."



## A WIFE'S REQUEST.

(*Being a Study in English Spelling.*)

"With chilly days and raw we're *through*;  
The over-gaiter fades from *view*;  
But the shop-windows, in its *lieu*,  
Display the dainty cloth-top *shoe*  
In shades of gray or brown or *blue*  
And fairy sizes, three or *two*,  
That would a Cynic's fancy *woo*.  
Get me a pair:—I know that *you*  
Can not refuse me, dearest *Hugh*!"

## GRATITUDE.

MR. S. P. C. CHILDERS.—Boy, you should n't beg; it's disgraceful! But don't cry—I'll give you ten cents for that paper you have there.

URCHIN (*blubbing*).—I—I would n't beg, Boss, if—if I could meet such ch—ch—chumps as you are every day!



## "HE WORE HIS BEAVER UP."

MR. PARKLY SAUNTERS.—Do you think your father will look with favor on my suit?

MISS DAKOTA FLATTE.—Really, I don't know, darling. Papa is so finicky, it's hard to tell just how your combination of silk hat and sack coat will strike him.



# THE MESSENGER-BOY'S PROGRESS; OR, THE REWARD OF INDUSTRY.



Washington Square.



Eighth Street.



Ninth Street.



Tenth Street.



Eleventh Street.

## A MINNESOTAN MURMUR.

There's a wild sequestered region  
Up among the "piny trac's,"  
Where the lakes are in such legion,  
That they call it Mille Lacs.

There a little maid is dwelling  
'Mid the pines and tamaracks,  
'Gainst her grievous fate rebelling;  
For a beau Miss Milly lacks.

Art. Ready.

## WHERE THE MONEY IS.

ASPIRING YOUTH.—Yes, sir, I'm going West. No money in the East. What's the use of plodding along in this effete section? The West is the place for youth and energy.

SAME YOUTH (*a few months later, in the West*).—Yes, Mrs. Hashhouse, I know my board bill is a good deal overdue; but have a little patience. I have just sent to my friends and relatives in the East for money.

## AN UNJUST SUSPICION.

COUNTRY GROCER (*severely*).—Any thing you want to buy this mornin'?

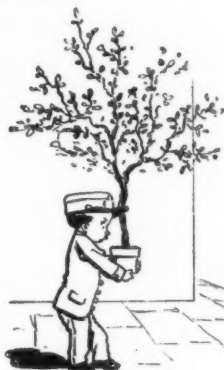
CUSTOMER (*who has been munching crackers and cutting off cheese for the last five minutes, severely*).—They is, yes; I want one dozen close-pins; how much 'll they be?

GROCER.—Four cents.

CUSTOMER (*laying down a nickel and reaching for another cracker*).—Take it out o' that; that's good money, ain't it? (*Takes change and goes out.*)

OLD MAN BY THE STOVE.—Bill likes your crackers 'n' cheese pretty well, don't he, Mr. Letlive?

GROCER.—'S long 's he buys something, it's all right. I did n't think he was goin' to buy nothing.



Twelfth Street.



Thirteenth Street.



Fourteenth Street.

## SAYINGS OF CELEBRITIES.

"If I can't get a gingercake elephant whenever I want one, I'll pour the mustard into the jar of preserves, just for spite."  
—EMPEROR WILLIE.

"If any man says that I have n't been President for a year, he's a liar!!"  
—BENJAMIN F. H.

"I now represent one Northern state and three Southern states in the U. S. Senate; and if I can add a few Western states to my list, I'll be well fixed and satisfied."  
—W. E. CH-N-DL-R.

"I hate to see the weather getting warm; it reminds me of the perspiring that I must undergo, with that old cast-iron shirt on, before the leaves begin to turn."  
—THE CZAR.

"There is no sense in saving at the bung and losing at the Pigott."  
—EDITOR LONDON Times.

"The Spring-chicken, as usual, is going to have a tough time of it."  
—HOTEL-KEEPER.

## PREVENTION IS BETTER THAN CURE.

Yes, "Winter lingers in the lap of Spring."  
If I were Spring I'd turn him over some,  
And give him such a right good warming, he  
Could "linger" nowhere for a year to come.

## BLOOD WILL TELL.

LIGE.—I see Wm. Henry Harrison Taylor, your first cousin up in Stillville, refuses the office you selected for him.

THE PRESIDENT.—You don't say so? Perhaps he thought himself slighted because we overlooked him so long. Well, you can tell him he can have the Stillville post-office. That is somewhat better than my other offer; and if that does n't bring him 'round, he has none of the Harrison blood in his veins.

## ON THE RIALTO.

A LANDLADY.—You loaf about here all day, and don't pay your debts. Why is that?

A TRAGEDIAN.—Well, you see, a peaceable member of the profession can walk or stand on the street, but yet he is not allowed to act on the Square.

## A STRONG CREED.

SWEDENBORG.—Tell to me, Brother Calvin, why it is that your dogma is like absolute alcohol?

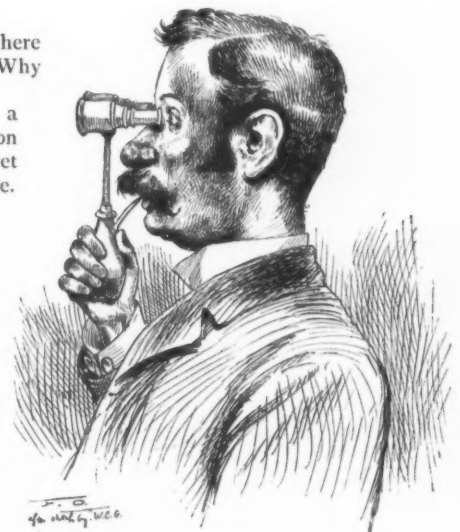
CALVIN.—Give it up.

SWEDENBORG.—Because it is absolutely above proof.

## IN VINO VERITAS.

GUEST (*to HOTELKEEPER who is filling bottles from a barrel*).—What kind of wine is that, Mr. Rheinberger?

HOTELKEEPER.—Vell, dot depends upon vat labels I vill put on dose bottles, ain'd it?



## KILLING TWO BIRDS.

PUCK'S PATENT ANTI-GOING-OUT-BETWEEN-THE-ACTS OPERA-GLASSES.

## DISCOVERED THE TRUTH ABOUT HIM.

BROWN.—You don't mean to say you've quit trading with Cutaway? Why, I thought you'd swear by Cutaway.

ROBINSON.—I've got through with him. I owed him a little bill, and he sent around last week to say that he was in urgent need of funds, and would consider it a great favor if I would help him out.

BROWN.—And you found it inconvenient?

ROBINSON.—No; it was quite convenient; but, Lord! I thought the man was rich.

## THE HACKMAN IN THE FOREST.

"Would you like to leave?" said the wood-chopper to the Young Tree.

"I don't know but I wood," answered the Young Tree. "Can you take me down with a hack?"

"I guess so," said the chopper; "seeing you've only got one small trunk."

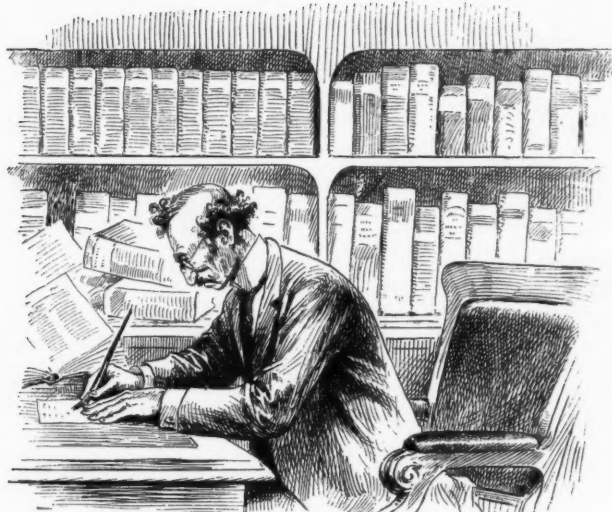
## THE SPELLBINDER'S LAMENT.

I JOURNEYED to appointments fifty-three,  
But never an appointment comes to me.  
Each low-down heeler boldly faces Platt,  
And gets his pick of all the places fat.  
Why to my lot should such misfortune fall?  
I'm all at sea, and can not see at all;  
Unless it be, while eloquent, and full  
Of work and push, I have n't any pull. K.

# A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES.



EDITOR.—Confound it! this man's question would puzzle a college president. These authorities all differ about it. I'll have to give him a bluff!



EDITOR (writing "Answers to Correspondents").—CONSTANT READER.—We can not waste valuable space in replying to your puerile question; it is one that every school-boy should be able to answer.

## JOHN BULL PARATUS IN AMERICA.

### III.

MR. JOHN BULL PARATUS was seated in his cab, rattling along Broadway, bound for the Everyday Theatre. He was continuing his studies of American life and manners with great assiduity, and he believed that by going to one of the best theatres in the city, he could learn something of the public attitude toward the noble art of the drama. So he put on his evening dress, buttoned his overcoat up to his chin, and went forth on his new mission. And as he was rattling along Broadway he communed with himself thus:

"Of course, it's absurd to fancy for a single moment that I am going to see a good performance, such as we have at 'ome. In the first place, it can't be done at the price. Why, bless my soul, I paid only six shillings for a first-class seat—an orchestra stall—and at home I should have had to give half a guinea for it. So how the deuce can the performance be as good as one of ours? Then I must remember what Sackville-Tooley says in 'Review of the American Stage.' Ah, yes, he

knew all about it. He was in this blasted country for four months and traveled all over it in that time. Ha, ha! How well I enjoyed his description of the typical American drama, with its backwoodsmen and howling Indians, and its everlasting revolvers!"

Somehow, the play at the Everyday Theatre did n't follow out the prescription. The actors and actresses were in evening dress, and the scene represented the parlor of an American millionaire. But Mr. Paratus was satisfied that the acting was very, very bad; and he expressed his opinion quite audibly.

"Duffer!" he muttered.

"My dear sir," expostulated the man next to him, "that's Mr. Kalsow Herkomer, the most popular leading man in the city."

"Is he, indeed?" said Mr. Paratus. "He's almost as bad as the woman."

"Do you mean Miss Violet Molyneux?"

"Yes; that's the one."

"She is our most talented leading lady."

"Then heaven help the ordinary actresses."

"Don't you like any of the company at all?"

"No, sir; I was more than half sure when I came that I should n't see any good acting, and now I know it. American actors are duffers."

"But, my dear sir, there is only one American in this company; the others are all English."

Mr. John Bull Paratus turned purple. He rose and stalked out of the theatre. He went to his hotel. He got out Sackville-Tooley's "Review of the American Stage" and danced a Yorkshire reel on it. Then he undressed, rolled into bed, and swore himself to sleep.

Tricotrin.

### NOT SOUND IN THE FAITH.

CALVIN BURNAM.—What did you preach about to-day, Parson?

PARSON WESTMINSTER (who is beginning to doubt whether the Almighty was happy in preparing a place of eternal punishment for the sinner).—My text was the Sermon on the Mount.

CALVIN BURNAM (horrificed).—What could have been your pretext?

### AN APT SIMILE.

MISS SANTA FAY.—They say Miss Atchison has teeth like pearls.

MR. TOPEQUER.—I should n't wonder. She's as dumb as an oyster.

### A VENAL PRESS.

MRS. MULHOOLY.—The paper is full o' crimes, an' all th' names is Oirish.

MR. MULHOOLY.—Sure don't yez know th' Amirikin press is soobsidized by British goold.



### PRETTY FAR GONE.

DEAGAN (who has swallowed a fish-bone).—How-ow-how-wow!

MRS. DEAGAN.—How d' yez feel, Patty?

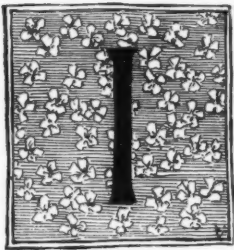
DEAGAN.—Did Tim run fer th' ambylanch?

MRS. DEAGAN.—He did.

DEAGAN.—Lave him countymand it an' urther a hear-r-rse. That's how Oi feel!



## BLOWING OUT THE GAS.



IT IS WELL to sow the seed of wisdom. But how vain to sow where the harvest stands already at hand! It would be idle to scatter ideas of free trade among the protectionists, for their minds are already shining with a rich foison — of dead weeds.

How vain will be my attempt to teach hotel-keepers, coroners and the press why hotel rooms are sometimes found full of illuminating gas and the occupants unconscious! Their conclusions are already formed, and they tell me at once: "The occupants blew out the gas."

That is the verdict of the hotel-keeper at the start. He is full of regret; but the man blew out the gas, and that settles it. It is universally recognized that the party who tends to blow out the gas can not be curbed by human ingenuity or mortal care. There is a safe in the hotel office, and the bucolic stranger might place himself therein; but if he will trust to luck and remain in the power of his mania, and trouble results, the responsibility is his.

The papers follow suit. Often they jest, but they always teach from their height that if a man will be a hayseed and a buckwheat, on his head be it. The coroner takes the same view.

In short, the rule is, that if a person is found asphyxiated in a hotel-room, and the gas escaping, not only is he adjudged legally and justifiably dead, but his name may be bandied up and down the country as an idiot and, as I have said, buckwheat.

Now, if the reader is a man who likes to learn ways of saving his life, let him give good heed.

I have traveled myself.

"Oh, I ha' been to far Dunstane,  
And I ha' been to Saint Johnstone."

I ha' been further than that. And in my travels many times have I turned out the gas, and thus extinguished the light after the philanthropic labors of the day. On several of these occasions, if I had gone to bed immediately after putting out the light, it would have been a case of — "Put out the light, and then — put out the light." There would have been lost to the world a "young and ambitious writer whose future was assuredly" — much brighter than it has since panned out. In a word, the genial friend, the useful citizen, the devoted son would have gone up the flume. How sad, as I look at it! Thenceforth one would say:

"Where's Tub now?" and another would reply: "Don't know; b'lieve he's dead. Where's Bill now?" But I saved my life, which I need in my business, however unnecessary it may be in the business of others.

I took a match. I rang for a match if there was none. I lit it, and applied it to the burner just turned off. On the several occasions I have specified, a mighty flame burst up.

About one-quarter of the hotels of this country have gas-jets so arranged that the smallest movement of the cut-off from dead-centre means a dead traveler. It is not only the man who is used to tallow dips who is sacrificed, but the man who is accustomed to the display of ordinary mechanical intelligence. He makes a dash at the gas, turns it off, and carrying the cut-off a trifle farther, to make assurance doubly sure, turns the gas on again.

The criminally bad appliances supplied by inn-keepers, never examined by fatuous coroners, and never suspected by the press, are allowed to put every guest in danger of his life, in peril of a fate unknown and unrevenged; to brand him as a simpleton, to darken his memory with the obloquy of one who Blew Out the Gas.

If half who read this, remember the lesson till to-night, it will save some lives. In return, all I ask is that the rescued shall immediately ring for the inn-keeper, and administer to the genial boniface a thorough drubbing.

Williston Fish.

THE MAN who pays a debt with borrowed money takes his first lesson in the West Point that turns out Napoleons of Finance.



## COWBOY MEDICINE.

COYOTE PETE. — What yer practicin' fer, Ike? Got a grudge ag'in' some one?

DEADLY IKE. — Naw; but me pard in thar's got a touch of rheumatiz, an' I'm makin' a porous plaster fer him!

## SHE LED HIM UP TO IT.

TRAMP. — Madam, have you any thing for me this morning?

HOUSEWIFE. — We've a little something in the barrel; but I am afraid it's as heavy as lead.

TRAMP (smiling). — I think I can digest it, Madam. Where is the barrel?

HOUSEWIFE. — Hitched to the gun.

## LESSONS OF HISTORY.

FIRST CITIZEN. — Who is that sneaking, cringing no-account creature tagging along after Mr. Greatman? I feel like kicking him.

SECOND CITIZEN. — Don't do it. He may be the ruler of a state some day. Look at Tom Platt.

## NO MISFIT MAN.

JACK UPPERS. — Do you sell misfits?

COHEN (haughtily). — No, sir; I buys dem. Vot I sell is always *goot* fits.

## A SISTER ART NO LONGER.

Said Poetry to Painting:

"To you I'll be a sister;"

But he was a bold lover,

And murmured as he kissed her:

"That notion is exploded,

And does injustice to us.

When we are wedded you shall see  
How better people view us."

## REASON ENOUGH.

"Can you love me a little, Ethel?"

"No, Mr. Arden."

"Not the least little bit in the world?"

"Certainly not, sir."

"Then I must bid you an everlasting farewell."

"Before you go, I think you might at least ask me the reason."

"The reason why you can't love me a little?"

"Yes."

"Well, why?"

"Because I love you a very great deal."



## A POINT OF SUPERIORITY.

MISS MANHATTAN. — But certainly you must admit that New Yorkers are the best dressed men in the world.

MISS LAKELY. — Well, anyhow, it is acknowledged that Chicago produces the best dressed beef.

1889 — 1893.  
Old Boston queen of ink and pen is,  
New York's the metropolis;  
Chicago is our Western Venice,  
And Washington's the G. O. P. — olis.



GETTING HIS EYE



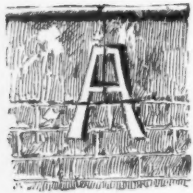
PUCK.



HIS EYES OPEN.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Bldg. N.Y.

## PRE-CENTENNIAL COGITATIONS.



ABOUT sixty years ago Washington Irving published "The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus." It was an exhaustive work, covering the ground to the extent of eighteen books and a lengthy appendix. Columbus was a man of national reputation even at that early date, and was generally considered to be worthy of the honor of having a big story written about him.

Mr. Irving performed his labor in a very conscientious manner. He went to Spain and searched the Castilian archives and the old trunks of the Columbus family for every scrap of information bearing upon the subject that he could find. As an honest dentist fills a tooth with refined gold instead of dross, so Irving filled a long-felt want.

But, although answering very well the demand of the period when first published, the "Life and Voyages" are hardly up to the requirements of to-day. The interest they now possess for the average reader is only the interest that attaches to antique back numbers. Mr. Irving was not far enough removed from the stirring incidents of which he wrote. If he had been able to restrain his impatience, and calmly waited two generations or so before being born, he might have produced a history which would run three years in the *Century* magazine, at the usual number of cents per line.

The events of the past six decades have made clear many things which were hitherto obscure. We know now why Columbus was so disappointed at simply discovering America, when he had intended to find a new route to the East Indies. He felt that to have spent the best years of his life in discovering a country which would fence herself in with a sky-piercing tariff, and where United States Senatorships would be sold to the highest bidders, was something of a corker. And so he died a heart-broken and sorrowful old man.

Like most men of abnormal genius, Columbus was not half appreciated during his life. His case in this respect was very similar to that of Homer. Seven (or more) cities laid violent claim to the World's Fair to be given in Columbus's honor, though not one of them offered him a public banquet when he landed, a homeless wanderer, on Cat Island. In fact, they took no notice of him whatever.

The only descendant of Columbus on this side of the Atlantic is Columbia, the perennially young and beautiful girl who is so well known to the readers of PUCK. Columbia has a host of friends among both sexes. The "boys" are particularly devoted. They fight with each other for the privilege of serving her in the capacities of inspectors of customs, letter-carriers, etc.

But she is not the kind of a girl to have her head turned by such



## ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS.

NAVAL OFFICER (on discovering white castaway).—You say you were wrecked on this coast a year ago, and are already the chief of these savages! How in the world did you manage it?

BIG WHITE CHIEF.—Easy enough. I used to be a guard on the Brooklyn Bridge.

attentions. She finds them rather more annoying than otherwise. Columbia is, in short, a credit to her illustrious progenitor, and she bears her patronymic proudly.

We, as a nation, owe to Columbus a great deal more than we have shown much desire to pay. We have given him no monument; nor have we started for him one of those everlasting memorials we accord to our military heroes—a subscription for a monument. As an example of our ingratitude to immortal Colon, I cite the fact that the nation had no sooner gained her independence than she changed her name from the Colonial States to the United States.

But the great Fair in '92 will do much toward atoning for our previous indifference in this regard. Chicago is expected to put her best foot forward. For once in a way, she must wash her hands clean of the gory stains of slaughtered hogs, and go in for a good time. Let her do her duty to the great discoverer, and the whole country will rise and go to her show.

G. A. Elder.



## AN ECHO OF THE PARADE.

HORRIGAN (who fell off his horse nineteen times during the march, and has just left the hospital).—Did yez see me on th' sivinteen', Owney?  
McPFAGAN.—Oi did; an' yez looked well.  
HARRIGAN.—Yure a dom liar!

## HIS RELATIONS.

"Lige," remarked the President as Colonel Halford returned from a conference of Republicans; "Lige, what are my relations with the party, now?"

"Well, General," replied the Colonel absent-mindedly, "they are brothers and cousins and nephews and fathers-in-law, and things like that mostly."

## ACCOUNTED FOR.

MRS. PERANNUM (commenting on her eldest of eight darlings).—What a quick memory our little Tommy has!

MR. PERANNUM.—Yep; but he does n't have to remember very far back.

## VERY TAKING.

"Do you think I look pretty in this habit, Jack?"

"Pretty? You're as pretty as a picture,—and I'd like to take the picture."

THE original chancellor  
Tended the door;  
He deserved his advancement—  
He kept out the bore.







#### LOOKING ABOUT THE CASTLE.

LORD BILCHESTER'S AMERICAN BRIDE.—And this is the armory. What a beautiful collection of guns. I recognized it from having often seen dear old Grandpapa's in Kentucky. He was a great sportsman.

#### HARRISON IS IN.

"Is it true that Harrison and Quay are out?"  
"Not entirely. Quay is out."

#### GET TOGETHER!

What is the reason  
The weather  
And season  
Can't get together?

"YOUR FACE is familiar, but I can't place you," said the street-car conductor, as he spied a plugged quarter among his change.

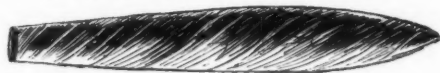
#### MOVED BY TIERS — Armour's Dressed Hogs.

IT IS THE old man, as a rule, who gives the advice to the young man. And it is the old man, too, who gives the money to the confidence man.

"IT RAINS on rich and poor alike," we are told; but where does the umbrella come in?

MIND-READING BIDS FAIR soon to become universally recognized as a profession. Only recently an Iowa druggist advertised for an expert mind-reader to take a position in his establishment at a high salary.

#### A PARADOX. OF TWO EVILS—



THE LESS.



THE GREATER.

#### THE MODERN PHILOSOPHER.

Hasting not and resting not,  
He moved on grandly like a star;  
Serene, untroubled, 'mid the hot  
Hard struggles of our human war.

'T was not because his soul was  
great,  
He thus withstood all worldly  
shocks.

His father left a large estate,  
And he was blessed with  
"gilt-edged" stocks!

A BIRD DINNER—The Diet of  
Worms.

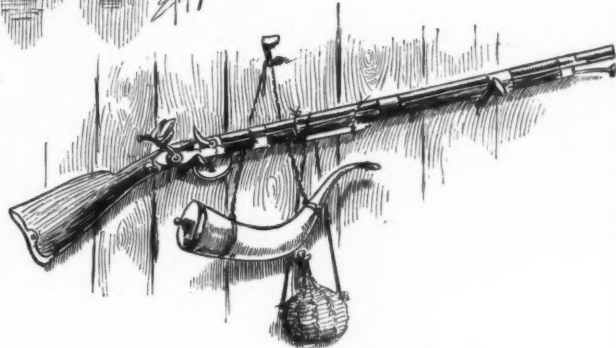
CURSES NOT LOUD BUT DEEP  
— Cofferdams.

HIGH TIME—The Top of the  
Morning.

HANDLED WITHOUT GLOVES—  
Soap.

A MENTAL RESERVATION—The  
Memory.

A FINANCIAL CRASH—The Bank  
Towel.



Dear Old Grandpapa's "Armory."

#### THE FARMER.

(Sotto voce.)

"WITNESS ALL the blessings showered  
On him by our legislators;  
Would you have the tariff lowered?  
Pestilential agitators!"  
(See his mortgage piling higher;  
See the corn upon the fire!)

"Democrats may grow abusive,  
But all their contention ceases  
In the light of Blaine's conclusive  
Proof how Western wealth increases."  
(So it does; but Eastern fellers  
Have it in their vaults and cellars.)

"Miles of rail through Kansas state,  
Leagues and leagues through Illinois.  
It's the tariff makes them great,  
Vote for Harrison, my boy."  
(He'll have time to grow a few  
Brains for use in '92!)

J. D. Miller.

"GAS IS GOING UP," as the aeronaut said  
when he cut the balloon rope.

FAST ASLEEP—Hibernating Bears.

JUST AN INKLING—The Printer's Devil.

THE ONLY possible variety of shirt that is now  
lacking is a linen one with a flannel collar.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a  
guarantee of its excellence.

#### IN Peace prepare for War!

GUARD AGAINST THE SUDDEN  
CHANGES PREVALENT NOW, BY  
USING

**FRED. BROWN'S  
GINGER** \* \*

WITH HOT WATER AND SUGAR.

## DECKER

BROTHERS'

33 UNION SQUARE  
NEW YORK

## PIANOS

**ESTERBROOK'S PENS.**  
always XL.

ESTABLISHED 1846.

NEW YORK.

### SPRING STYLES!

## ESPENSCHIED'S

### Celebrated Hats.

Illustrated circular giving directions "How to Order," prices, etc., Mailed Free, on application.

Agents Wanted.

### Awning Blind Fixtures

EASILY ATTACHED TO  
**OLD OR NEW BLINDS.**  
SIMPLE, DURABLE, CHEAP.  
Refreshing Shade and Free Circulation  
of Air insured by their use.  
Mention Width of Window.  
Samples, post paid, \$1.  
**CARY M'F'G CO. Mechanicville, N.Y.**

THE LAST ARTICLE to be published from the pen of America's noted Ex-Treasurer, General F. E. SPINNEY, will appear in the April Number of "COLLEGE AND SCHOOL," UTICA, N. Y. 885.

### BALDNESS.

The New York Medical Record says: "Young Americans who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty."  
An eminent Physician says: "The chief requirement of the hair is cleanliness—thorough shampooing for women once a fortnight, and for men once a week. The best agent for the purpose is

## Packer's Tar Soap."

It is remarkably Pure, Mild, Invigorating and Curative; lathers freely; is a luxury to use, and effective cure for DANDRUFF and ITCHING. Brightens the lustre of the hair; prevents threatened baldness; stimulates nutrition, and increases the growth of the hair. Invaluable for Toilet, Bath and Nursery purposes. Prevents Chapping and Chafing, and Cures Skin Diseases. 25 cents per Cake. All Druggists. Sample and pamphlet sent for 10 cts. stamps. Mention Puck.

**THE PACKER M'F'G CO., 100 Fulton St., N. Y.**

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.  
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

**SOHMER & CO.**  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut St.  
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'dg.  
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.

All hats bearing this trade mark are our own special styles and make. Represented by Agents in all Parts of the U. S.  
—RETAIL STORES,—  
1147 Broadway & 4 Astor Place,  
NEW YORK.  
Factory,  
77 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

# Pears' Soap

Fair white hands.  
Bright clear complexion  
Soft healthful skin.  
"PEARS"—The Great English Complexion SOAP,—Sold Everywhere."

Awarded nine medals at leading expositions. The last at the Universal Exposition, Paris, 1889.

USE  
**MICHELSEN'S  
BAY RUM.**  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Ask your dealer for it. This is the only pure article imported from his distillery in the West Indies.

THE trustees of Colgate University were well lathered before they changed the name. — *Rome Sentinel*.

For improved and economic cookery use  
**Liebig COMPANY'S**

**EXTRACT OF BEEF,**  
for Beef Tea, Soups, Made Dishes, Sauces, (Game, Fish, &c.), Aspic or Meat Jelly. Keeps for any length of time, and is cheaper and of finer flavor than any other stock.

*J. Liebig*

Genuine only with J. von Liebig's signature as above, in blue. One pound of Extract of Beef equal to forty pounds of lean beef.

Crosse & Blackwell's  
**FRESH FRUIT JAMS,**

Made from English Fresh Fruits  
AND REFINED SUGAR,  
ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

A GREAT ATTRACTION.  
FIANCÉ.—You should not be so exacting in your demands. Remember that you are only a poor orphan.  
FIANCÉE.—I know it, dear; but remember, also, that you will have no mother-in-law. — *Epoch*.

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

IT SOUNDED BETTER.  
ACTRESS (to INTERVIEWER).—So you want the facts of my life? Well, to begin with, I was born at Newark, New Jersey.

INTERVIEWER.—I guess I'll soften that down a little. I'll just say that you were born abroad. — *Light*.

A PLAUSIBLE REASON.  
GLADYS.—The Freshman class seems to have so many tall men this year.

JACK.—Probably had their legs pulled by subscription fiends. — *Vale Record*.

VERY SICK.  
"Well, Mither McPhelim, how 'd ye schlap last night?"  
"Ah, bhad, Denny, bhad! Unconscious a good dale av the toime. — *Harper's Bazar*.

HIGH ART.  
"I think your picture is just heavenly!"  
"Perhaps that is why it is skyed." — *Harper's Bazar*.

THE new two-cent stamp does not give general satisfaction. Some say the paper is too flimsy, and the color rubs off. Our people have had their taste so greatly developed and improved by the late Centennial exposition that the coming postage stamp, to give entire satisfaction, will have to be hand-painted by Meissonier or some other high-priced artist. — *Norristown Herald*.

THE influenza has just been set to music. Composer Moroni, director of the opera at Smyrna, having recovered from an attack of the grippie, has expressed his gratitude to Hygeia in a symphony, the melody clearly indicating the course of the malady from the first sneeze to the doctor's bill. — *Boston Post*.

A SETTLER on the Cherokee land who got away minus his clothes, says he has had all he wants of the Cherokee Strip. — *Texas Siftings*.

Our druggists told us that it beats all other liniments—Salvation Oil, price 25 cents.  
Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup never fails to cure a cold or cough in a short time. Price 25 cents.

# SANITAS

Non-Poisonous  
Disinfectants

FOR  
INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH,  
AND DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY  
ORGANS, INHALE and FUMIGATE with  
"SANITAS" OIL.  
It never fails.

AT DRUGGISTS.  
For Reports by Medical and Chemical Experts, prices in bulk, &c., apply to the Factory, 636-645 West 55th St., N. Y.



**BEAUTY**  
Skin & Scalp  
RESTORED  
\*by the\*  
**CUTICURA**  
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COM-  
parable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous  
properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and  
in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases  
of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.  
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an ex-  
quisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTI-  
CURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every  
form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.  
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1;  
SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL COR-  
PORATION, BOSTON, MASS.  
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin pre-  
vented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved  
by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-  
killing plaster. 25c.



**BEECHAM'S PILLS.**  
THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE

For BILIOUS and NERVOUS DISORDERS,  
is the most marvellous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific  
for a Weak Stomach, Sick Headache, Impaired Di-  
gestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc., and is  
found efficacious and remedial by Female Sufferers. Sold by all  
Druggists. PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.  
Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helena, Lancashire, England.  
B. F. ALLEN & Co., Sole Agents for the United States, 365 & 367 Canal  
St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail BEECHAM'S PILLS on receipt of price—but inquire first. Please mention FUG.

# Rowland's Odonto

A PURE, FRAGRANT, NON-GRITTY TOOTH POWDER.  
WHITENS THE TEETH, PREVENTS AND ARRESTS DE-  
CAY, HARDENS THE GUMS AND SWEETENS THE  
BREATH. ASK DRUGGISTS FOR ROWLAND'S ODONTO.  
OF 20 HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, ENGLAND.

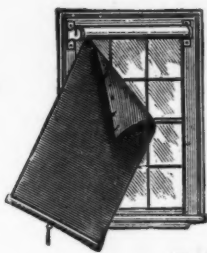
**CANDY**  
Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb  
box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east  
of Denver or west of New York. Suit-  
able for presents. Sample orders so-  
lited. Address,  
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.

"Doctor, I am very ill. And yet I eat well; I drink  
well; I sleep well."  
"Never fear, my dear Madam; we will cure you of all  
that." — *Harper's Bazar*.

# CHOCOLATE MENIER

ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE

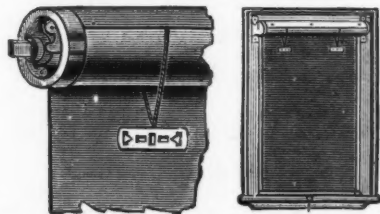




A little accident which has occurred millions of times, and which happens now and then in every house.

## THE ANTI-KUM-OFF

Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



Order them on all new shades They only cost a trifle.

Agents and House Canvasers Wanted in every city and town where the shade makers are not supplied. Thousands of families buy them for shades already up. For outfit and terms address

THE PATERSON NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 870  
Sole Manufacturers, Paterson, N. J.

## "Dashaway"

CAW'S  
"Dashaway"  
PEN,

A DOUBLE-FEED  
FOUNTAIN PEN  
That Never Fails.



CAW'S  
Black Fluid  
INK,

WRITES BLACK,  
STAYS BLACK,  
Does Not Corrode  
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CAW'S "STYLOGRAPHIC" PEN.  
Simplest, Cheapest and Best. A Perfect Substi-  
tute for Pen, Pencil and Ink-stand.

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157 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

## WILHELMSQUELLE

(BLUE LABEL)

## KRONTHAL

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## Natural Mineral Waters

From the famous springs of BAD KRONTHAL, TAUNUS,  
GERMANY. Best of Table waters of great digestive qualities.  
For sale by all leading groceries, liquor dealers and druggists.

GALWEY & FELDMANN, NEW YORK,  
SOLE AGENTS.

## ULLRICH'S FOUNTAIN PENS

are the best made. Hold ink for week's use. Price \$1.50 and  
upwards. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free.

J. C. ULLRICH & CO., 108 Liberty St., New York.

A HAND-ORGAN — The Manicure's Gazette. — Exchange.

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Constable & Co.  
UPHOLSTERY GOODS.  
RICH DAMAS, BROCATELLE  
AND TAPESTRY STUFFS.  
LACE CURTAINS & WINDOW MATERIALS.

PRINTED CRETONNES  
For Country houses. A very handsome stock in  
exceptional Designs.

Broadway & 19th St.  
New York.

## A REAL JOKE.

BAGLEY. — You were out fishing yesterday?

CAGLEY. — Yes.

BAGLEY. — Catch any thing?

CAGLEY. — Not one. — *Boston Courier*.

THE world moves, and we move with it. The same may  
be said of a cyclone. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"HISTORICUS" wants to know when New York was laid  
out. If we remember rightly it was on the eighth ballot.  
— *Whiteside Herald*.

WESTERN hens are now laying Easter eggs. — *Ex*.

## SWEETNESS.

Now freely flows the maple sap,

And syrup farmers now are making,

Which soon we'll spread upon the flap-

Jack when our breakfast we are taking.

— *Boston Courier*.

Angostura Bitters are used by mothers to stop colic and loose-  
ness of the bowels in children. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons,  
Manufacturers. Ask your druggist.



## "The Average Cook

sets 'little store by soup.' If the family insist upon  
having it occasionally she makes it under verbal or  
dumb protest, *with the grease on*. The oils she con-  
ceives to be 'essential' to strength and nourishment,  
swim in flotillas of globules upon the muddy deeps  
within the tureen." This little scrap of accurate  
description is from an article by *Marion Harland*  
on soup-making. She says that *we* know how to make  
soup. If you care to ask for it by postal or otherwise,  
we will gladly send the article, which we have printed  
and illustrated.

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Consom-  
mé, Mullagatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail,  
Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon,  
Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth,  
Vegetable, Beef, Clam Broth.

Send us 14 cents to help pay express and re-  
ceive a sample can, your choice.

The Franco-American Food Co.,  
42 West Broadway, New York.

It can never be said of the miner that he does not "get  
down to business." — *Yonkers Gazette*.

CHEAP museums are signs of the times. — *Exchange*.

A QUESTION for Easter Sunday. — "Where did you get  
that hat?" — *Boston Courier*.

## TRUTH IN ERROR.

"This House For Sail!" the placard read,

And 'ere there was a bid,

A Kansas cyclone struck the place —

And, sure enough, it did.

— *Whiteside Herald*.

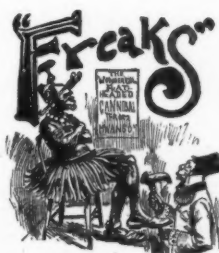
THE man who boasts that he wants but little here below  
is always complaining when he has n't plenty of room in a  
horse-car. — *Boston Post*.

It does not seem at all strange that the ice men should  
have a sliding scale. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

**INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE**  
NO TROUBLE NO BOILING  
THE GREATEST INVENTION OF  
EVERY THE AGE. HAVE IT.  
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.  
POWDERED AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TIN CANS.  
75¢ PER CAN.  
**STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,**  
INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA.

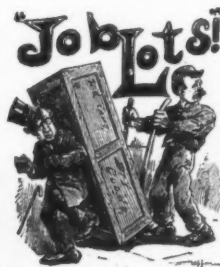
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Nos. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET.  
BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. NEW YORK.

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No. 33:



Being Puck's Best Things About  
Fantastic Folks and Fads.

PUCK'S LIBRARY  
No. 32:



Being Puck's Best Things About  
Business Busts and Booms.

## Cleaver's Transparent Toilet Soap Best & Cheapest Without Rival.

715



First Prize Medal, Vienna,  
1873.

WEIS & CO.,

Manufacturers of Meerschaum  
Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., whole-  
sale and retail. 399 Broadway, N. Y.  
Factories, 69 Walker Street, and Vienna,  
Austria. Sterling Silver-mounted Pipes and Bowls  
made up in newest designs. Catalogue free. Please mention Puck.

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Faultless in Shape.  
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Highest in Quality.

In 10 models and a special shape for equestriennes.  
SHORT AND LONG WAISTED, MADE OF GRAY AND  
WHITE FRENCH COTIL AND BLACK SATEN.  
The sale of the above Corset has steadily increased since it  
was introduced by us two years ago, and it is pronounced the  
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It imparts a brilliant transparency to the skin. Removes all pimples, freckles, and discolorations, and makes the skin delicately soft and beautiful. It contains no lime, white lead or arsenic. In three shades; pink or flesh, white and brunette.

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"WILL you be mine?" said the prospector, as he located his claim on a newly discovered bed of silver ore. — Ex.

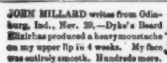
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A LESSON IN ENGLISH.

"Martha, I want you to pare and quarter these turnips."

"Whad yo' mean by dat, Miss Minnie?"

"Cut them like this."

"Dat all yo' want? Well, yo' must n't use dem big words wid me. Why did n't yo' say cut 'em in two an' slit 'em again?" — *Harper's Bazar.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, \$1.

A DECEPTIVE THOUGHT.

REV. DR. PRIMROSE.—When you were stealing the cake, my young friend, what thought did you have?

LITTLE JOHNNIE.—I thought nobody was looking.—*Ex.*

"I WONDER you are not afraid to let the baby play with the carving-knife like that," said Mrs. Simeral to Mrs. Snooper.

"Oh, she can't hurt it," replied the latter; "it is an old one." — *Harper's Bazar.*

30 cts. "PUCK'S OPPER BOOK." 30 cts.

THE BEST HE COULD DO.

MRS. BROWN.—What made you chalk your name on my new table?

LITTLE JOHNNIE.—'Cause I'd lost my jackknife.—*Ex.*

"You bow with great deference to that woman, Ella. Who is she?"

"Oh, she is Mrs. Foolscap; she is literary."

"What has she written?"

"Oh, she once had a story refused by the Atlantic." — *Ex.*

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y. 757\*

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MISERY craves company. The unhappily married woman always likes to twit contented spinsters of being old maids. — *Rome Sentinel.*

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An unfailing remedy. They prevent and cure COUGHS, BRONCHIAL CATARRH and THROAT irritations, mostly due to smoking. Always keep a box of Soden Mineral Pastilles in your house. 25c. and 50c. a box at druggists. Pamphlets Free on Application.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S

### Breakfast Cocoa

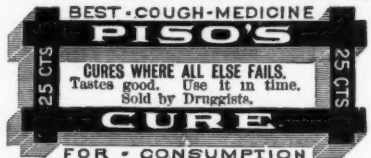
Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. 133



New Spring Suitings & Overcoatings Choicest

Styles of Foreign Markets displayed.

Suits to

Order from \$20.00.

Spring

Overcoats from \$18.00.

Samples and rules mailed on

for self-measure application.

145 & 147 Bowery, New York City,

*Nicoll* Tailor

and 771 Broadway, New York City.



SOME of the Western rivers are acting badly. They are probably trying to imitate members of the English dramatic profession who recently visited our shores. — *Exchange*.

THE Mayor of New Orleans is trying just now to hold levees. — *Rochester Post-Express*. Well, he certainly should have no trouble in having a bank-wet. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"DID you say your friend was a contractor?"

"Yes; he contracts debts."

"I wish I could do that; mine seem to expand all the time." — *Yonkers Gazette*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

CHICAGO GIRL. — I wish you New Yorkers would give us Chicago girls a rest.

REPORTER. — What kind of a rest?

"A foot-rest." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

AN exchange tells of a Georgia man who "builds railroads out of nothing." He is more to be envied than the hundreds of stockholders who make nothing out of railroads. — *Norristown Herald*.

IT is a wise dude that knows whether a young lady is smiling at him or laughing at him. — *Peck's Sun*.

ONE thing can always be found, even where it does not exist. That is fault. — *Rome Sentinel*.

A FOUR-IN-HAND TIE — A double wedding. — *Exchange*.

## NEW KODAKS



"You press the button,  
we do the rest."

Seven new Styles and Sizes

ALL LOADED WITH Transparent Films.

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,

Send for Catalogue.

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COOK'S Select Tours to

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An illustrated pamphlet, describing fully the arrangements for our Eighteenth Season of Tours, now ready, and can be obtained on application. THOS. COOK & SON, 201 & 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

### SPECIAL SALE.

COAT AND VEST TO ORDER, - \$15.00.

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WE POSITIVELY OFFER THE GREATEST VALUE EVER HEARD OF, A VARIETY CONTAINING 1,000 STYLES, FROM THE FOLLOWING WELL-KNOWN MAKERS: FITCHBURG, FAIRFIELD, AND GLOBE CASSIMERES AND WORSTEDS, MARTIN'S PINHEAD CHECKS, CLAY DIAGONALS, ENGLISH AND SCOTCH CHEVIOTS, BLACK AND BLUE, IN ROUGH, SMOOTH AND FANCY EFFECT; ALSO THE RENOWNED F AND H THIBETS IN NEW COLORINGS.

THESE GOODS ARE A SPECIAL BARGAIN, AND SOLD BY MERCHANT TAILORS FROM \$50 TO \$80, POSITIVELY THE SAME GOODS, WITH NO BETTER TRIMMINGS, STYLE, OR WORKMANSHIP THAN OURS.

EXTRA FINE ASSORTMENT IN SPRING OVERCOATINGS, SILK-LINED THROUGHOUT, \$18.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE IS HANDED TO EVERY CUSTOMER, WARRANTING GARMENTS TO WEAR ONE YEAR WITHOUT A BREAK.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, TAPE MEASURE, AND OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION. OUR MAIL-ORDER SYSTEM HAS PROVED A GREAT CONVENIENCE, WITH SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

## ARNHEIM'S

Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,  
BOWERY AND SPRING ST.,  
NEW YORK.

A TEXAS debating society recently had for a subject: "Is it proper to sound the r in dorg?" — *Texas Siftings*.

"The letter that never came" is the letter that had a remittance from home in it. — *New Orleans Picayune*.

WATCHWORD for the night — Wind it up. — *Exchange*.

## Can You Guess?



## Who Is It?

SOME one has said that any man with a DOUBLE chin who uses Williams' famous

"GENUINE  
YANKEE SHAVING SOAP"

can shave in LESS TIME and with MORE PLEASURE, than any other man — with only a Single chin — if he tries to use any other kind of shaving soap.

THIS IS TRUE!

Here is one of the PRESIDENTS of the UNITED STATES — who has proved it.

He ALWAYS shaves himself and always uses the famous — GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP — Can you guess who this President is?

WHOEVER — old or young — will send in the right name and enclose five 2-cent stamps for packing, postage, etc., shall receive from us as a PRIZE a full-sized cake of this famous "YANKEE SHAVING SOAP" like this!



Packed in a neat case — Postpaid. A splendid present to give to your father, brother, or any one who shaves. Address,

The J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,

Box 27.

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Williams' Shaving Soaps are famous throughout the world. Their Darber's Soap is known and used in every first-class barber shop, the "Yankee" Soap and Williams' Shaving Stick are the favorites with all who shave themselves. All druggists keep them.

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## GENTLEMEN.

### HEADACHE

from excesses cured with

## BRADYCROTINE.

## If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL  
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES  
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IS SURE CURE FOR IT.  
This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

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Factory Price. Our Price. Factory Price. Our Price.  
\$21 in. \$89 00 \$22 40 44 in. \$45 00 \$24 30  
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48 in. 50 00 27 00 48 in. 55 00 18 90  
Send for catalogue  
E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO. 886

PUCK.



The gentlemen lodging in Ludlow Street Jail  
Can go out when they please on a spree or for bail.  
It costs a big bribe if you want to be well;  
But in other respects they are doing quite well.



Our Mayor is a puppet of Tammany Hall,  
Bourke Cockran will not let him get out of call;  
Dick Croker he rings and Grant answers the bell;  
But in other respects he is doing quite well.



Our Sheriff is likely, without any doubt,  
To learn the jail business both inside and out.  
He will read up the code in his calm prison cell;  
But in other respects he is doing quite well.



Our Chamberlain's only a gay office boy  
Who has the good luck to be Tammany's toy.  
He is dreading the end of Dick Croker's sick spell;  
But in other respects he is doing quite well.



FATHER KNICKERBOCKER SINGS:

I'm a hapless old party, to bosses a slave,  
Politicians are driving me into my grave;  
My government's bad and dishonest and mean,  
My streets are the dirtiest ever were seen,  
How I lost the World's Fair Mr. Platt best can tell;  
But in other respects I am doing quite well.



Our Street Cleaning man for a dummy is known,  
He leaves Eddy Hagan to go it alone.  
The mud in the streets unto heaven doth smell;  
But in other respects it is doing quite well.



Our Deputy Sheriffs are pallid with fright,  
They don't know whom next the Grand Jury'll indict.  
In the Palais de Sing Sing they'd rather not dwell;  
But in other respects they are doing quite well.

WHY SHOULD N'T NEW YORK BE HAPPY?